

Limo

MAN

Jesus H. Christ! Darktown Strutters' Ball!

WOMAN

Just having a good time is all.

MAN

What? Voodoo celebration or something? I thought we were going to a farmhouse.

WOMAN

Well, this was the country once.

MAN

Turn it around, Billy.

BILLY

Slowly, Sir. Got to thread through.

MAN

Well, little faster. They're plastering their faces on my window.

BILLY

Will do!

WOMAN

You're denying our roots!

MAN

Never! But we'll remain in our Museum District Penthouse, thank you M'am. Speaking of which, Billy, I'll want the coldest vodka- tonic you can engineer. On the deck. And then keep 'em coming!...mellow out and forget this fright!

WOMAN

But the realtor is waiting for us!

MAN

Yeah? Another sucker'll come along. Throw cell phone back, Billy, so the Missus can inform the REALTOR we won't be goin' back to the plantation. Yahsuh! And I can see your rosebud smirk in the side mirror. You never heard this conversation.

BILLY

What conversation?